

Sham'd their Aspects with store of childish drops:  
These eyes, which neuer shed remorsefull teares,  
No, when my Father Yorke, and Edward wept,  
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made  
When black-fac'd Clifford shooke his sword at him:  
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,  
Told the sad storie of my Fathers death,  
And twenty times, made pauze to sob and weepe:  
That all the standers by had wet their cheekes  
Like Trees bedash'd with raine. In that sad time,  
My manly eyes did scorne an humble teare:  
And what these sorowes could not thence exhale,  
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.  
I neuer sued to Friend, nor Enemy:  
My Tongue could neuer learne sweet smoothing word.  
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,  
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speake.

*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such Scorne; for it was made  
For kissing Lady, not for such contempt.  
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgive,  
Loe heere I lend thee this sharpe-pointed Sword,  
Which if thou please to hide in this true brest,  
And let the Soule forth that adareth thee,  
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,  
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee.  
*He layes his brest open, she offers at with his sword.*  
Nay do not pauze: For I did kill King Henrie,  
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.  
Nay now dispatch: 'Twas I that stabb'd yong Edward,  
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that set me on.

*She fals the Sword.*

Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.  
*An.* Arise Dissembler, though I wish thy death,  
I will not be thy Executioner.  
*Rich.* Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will do it.  
*An.* I haue already.  
*Rich.* That was in thy rage:  
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,  
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,  
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,  
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.  
*An.* I would I knew thy heart.  
*Rich.* 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.  
*An.* I feare me, both are false.  
*Rich.* Then neuer Man was true.  
*An.* Well, well, put vp your Sword.  
*Rich.* Say then my Peace is made.  
*An.* That shalt thou know heereafter.  
*Rich.* But shall I liue in hope.  
*An.* All men I hope liue so.  
Vouchsafe to weare this Ring.

*Rich.* Looke how my Ring incompasseth thy Finger,  
Euen so thy Brest incloseth my poore heart:  
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine,  
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may  
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,  
Thou dost confirme his happinesse for euer.

*An.* What is it?

*Rich.* That it may please you leaue these sad designses,  
To him that hath most cause to be a Mourner,  
And presently repaire to Crosbie House:  
Where (after I haue solemnly interr'd  
At Chertsey Monast'ry this Noble King,  
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)  
I will with all expedient duty see you,

For diuers ynkowne Reasons, I beseech you,  
Grant me this Boon.

*An.* With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,  
To see you are become so penitent.  
*Tressel and Barkley, go along with me.*

*Rich.* Bid me farewell.

*An.* 'Tis more then you deserue:  
But since you teach me how to flatter you,  
Imagine I haue saide farewell already.

*Exit two with Anne.*

*Gent.* Towards Chertsey, Noble Lord?

*Rich.* No: to White Friars, there attend my coming.

*Exit Comps.*

Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?  
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?  
He haue her, but I will not keepe her long.  
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,  
With curses in her hearts extreamest hate,  
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,  
Hauing God, her Conscience, and these bars against me,  
And I, no Friends to backe my suite withall,  
But the plaine Diuell, and dissembling lookes?  
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing,  
Hah!

Hath she forgot alreadie that braue Prince,  
Edward, her Lord, whom I (some three monthes since)  
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?  
A sweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,  
Fram'd in the prodigality of Nature:  
Yong, Valiant, Wise, and (no doubt) right Royal,  
The spacious World cannot againe afford:  
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,  
That crop't the Golden prime of this sweet Prince,  
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?  
On me, whose All not equals Edwards Moitie?  
On me, that halts, and am mishapen thus?  
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!  
I do mistake my person all this while:  
Vpon my life she findes (although I cannot)  
My selfe to be a maru'llous proper man.  
He be at Charges for a Looking-glasse,  
And entertaine a score or two of Taylors,  
To study fashions to adorne my body:  
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,  
I will maintaine it with some little cost.  
But first Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,  
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.  
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,  
That I may see my Shadow as I passe.

*exit.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Rivers,  
and Lord Gray.*

*Riv.* Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maiesty  
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.

*Gray.* In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worke:  
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,  
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes.

*Qu.* If he were dead, what would befall on me?

*Gray.*

If he were dead, what would befall on me?  
*Gray.* No other harme, but losse of such a Lord.

*Qu.* The losse of such a Lord, includes all harmes.  
*Gray.* The Heauens haue blest you with a goodly Son,

To be your Comforter, when he is gone.

*Qu.* Ah! he is yong; and his minority

Is put vnto the trust of Richard Gloucester,

A man that loues not me, nor none of you.

*Riv.* Is it concluded he shall be Protector?

*Qu.* It is determin'd, not concluded yet.

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

*Enter Buckingham and Derby.*

*Gray.* Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.

*Buc.* Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.

*Der.* God make your Maiesty ioyful, as you haue bin

*Qu.* The Countesse Richmond, good my Lord of Derby.

To your good prayer, will scarcely say, Amen.

*Der.* Yet Derby, notwithstanding thee's your wife,

And loues not me, be you good Lord assur'd,

I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

*Der.* I do beseech you, either not beleue

The enuious slanders of her false Accusers:

Or if she be accus'd on true report,

Bear with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds

From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.

*Qu.* Saw you the King to day my Lord of Derby?

*Der.* But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,

Are come from visiting his Maiesty.

*Qu.* What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.

*Buc.* Madam good hope, his Grace speaks chearfully.

*Qu.* God grant him health, did you confer with him?

*Buc.* I Madam, he desires to make attonement;

Betweene the Duke of Gloucester, and your Brothers,

And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,

And sent to warne them to his Royall presence.

*Qu.* Would all were well, but that will neuer be,

I feare our happinesse is at the height.

*Enter Richard.*

*Rich.* They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,

Who is it that complains vnto the King,

That I (forsooth) am sterne, and loue them not?

By holy Paul, they loue his Grace but lightly,

That fill his eares with such dissentious Rumors.

Because I cannot flatter, and looke faire,

Smile in mens faces, smooth, deceiue, and cogge,

Ducke with French nods, and Apish curtesie,

I must be held a rancorous Enemy.

Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,

But thus his simple truth must be abus'd,

With filken, flye, insinuating Tackes?

*Gray.* To who in all this preference speaks your Grace?

*Rich.* To thee, that hast nor Honesty, nor Grace:

When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?

A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace

(Whom God preferue better then you would wish)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

*Qu.* Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter:

The King on his owne Royall disposition,

(And not prouok'd by any Sutor else)

Ayming (belike) at your interioir hatred,

That in your outward action shewes it selfe,  
Against my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,  
Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground.

*Rich.* I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,

That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.

Since euerie lacke became a Gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a lacke.

*Qu.* Come, come, we know your meaning Brother

You enuy my advancement, and my friends:

God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.

*Rich.* Meane time, God grants that I haue neede of you.

Our Brother is imprison'd by your meanes,

My selfe disgrac'd, and the Nobilitie

Held in contempt; while great Promotions

Are daily giuen to enoble those

That scarce some two dayes since were worth a Noble.

*Qu.* By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,

From that contented hap which I inioy'd,

I neuer did incense his Maiesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but haue bin

An earnest aduocate to plead for him.

My Lord you do me shamefull iniurie,

Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

*Rich.* You may deny that you were not the meane

Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.

*Riv.* She may my Lord, for

*Rich.* She may Lord Rivers, why who knowes not so?

She may do more fir then denying that:

She may helpe you to many faire preferments,

And then deny her ayding hand therein,

And lay those Honors on your high desert.

What may she not, she may, I marry may she.

*Riv.* What marry may she?

*Rich.* What marrie may she? Marrie with a King,

A Batcheller, and a handsonie stripling too,

I wis your Grandam had a worser match.

*Qu.* My Lord of Gloucester, I haue too long borne

Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes:

By heauen, I will acquaint his Maiesty

Of those grosse taunts that oft I haue endur'd.

I had rather be a Countrie seruant maide

Then a great Queene, with this condition,

To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at,

Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

*Enter old Queene Margaret.*

*Mar.* And I besed be that small, God I beseech him,  
Thy honor, state, and seate, is due to me.

*Rich.* What? threat you me with telling of the King?

I will auouch't in presence of the King:

I dare aduenture to be sent to th' Towre.

'Tis time to speake,

My paines are quite forgot.

*Margaret.* Out Diuell,

I do remember them too well:

Thou kill'd'st my Husband Henrie in the Towre;

And Edward my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.

*Rich.* Ere you were Queene,

I, or your Husband King:

I was a packe-horse in his great affaires:

A weeder out of his proud Aduersaries,

A liberall rewarder of his Friends,

To royalize his blood, I spent mine owne.

*Margaret.* I and much better blood

Then his, or thine.

*Rich.*